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A HELPING HAND

THE

CHARACTER BUILDING READERS

BY

ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER, PD.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULTURE READERS"; JOINT AUTHOR OF THE "WARD RATIONAL READERS"

SECOND READER—PART ONE

COÖPERATION AND HELPFULNESS

Moral Effect Sought: An awakening sense of the duty of *helping* one another, the joy experienced in coöperative work, and the good derived from united effort.

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA

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INTRODUCTION

THE ethical aim in this book is to rouse thoughts leading to an appreciation of the value of harmony and coöperation. Besides the many selections in which this is the chief and obvious moral, many others tend incidentally to strengthen the growth of this conception.

Not all of the pieces are charged with a moral. As in the other numbers of this series (excepting the last), variety is secured by a sprinkling of themes that have no relation to Ethics.

The special aims of the First-Year course receive some reënforcement in this, and there is also a foreshadowing of what will be more definitely attempted in succeeding numbers.

The Method of Teaching is no longer set forth in a Teachers' Edition.

Children who have had the powerful Course in Word Study given in the first year's work will find this book easy reading. It is graded to meet the needs of the average class after any good First-Year course.

Teachers should master the principles of the Natural Method in Reading, as set forth in the Teachers' Edition for First-Year work, and apply them in this and subsequent grades.

The first of these is that words are to be regarded as interesting objects of STUDY, not as items in a Spelling List.

The next is that words are best studied in their *relations*, not as isolated objects.

There are two sets of relations that shed light on words and their content.

One is the relations they sustain to other words in context, by which their meanings are modified and by which we are led to choose subconsciously between two pronunciations of the word "row" or between two spellings of the word "rein," "rain," etc. The study of words in context must be pursued with great caution not to suggest homonyms unnecessarily, and to lead the thought away from their accidental association by much practice upon one alone until the other is forgotten. The question "Which shall I use in this connection?" would never arise if alert teaching could perfectly guard against it, but the occasion would always suggest the correct form alone, and never the two.

The other way in which words may be studied in relation to one another is by grouping them under the rules for Spelling, or by their derivations, the latter classification belonging to a more advanced stage of the work. Much has already been taught of the evolution of words through their simpler modifications and of their grouping by orthographic content. With the help of the blackboard this system of Word Study should be continued.

EXAMPLE. The children hesitate at or have to be told the following words in Lesson II: *changing*, *restlessly*, *taught*, *against*, *breath*. These are written on blackboard as missed, and the following drill succeeds the lesson:

Question. What kind of a word is *changing?*

Answer. An *ange* word.

Teacher writes *change* under *changing*.

Qu. Give me some more *ange* words.

Ans. *Range, strange, manger, danger.*

Qu. Call off the *ange* words.

This is done.

Qu. How shall I change *range* to *ranging?*

With *changing* as a model, children dictate erasure of *e* and addition of *ing*. Similarly produce *stranger* from *strange*, *mange* from *manger*, and *dangerous* from *danger*.

Qu. What kind of a word is *restlessly?*

This may be classified by the children as an *est* word, or a *less* word, or a *ly* word. A group of *est* words dictated by children may be quickly disposed of, or the *est* may be ignored as belonging to the first-year work. Call for words ending in *less* and drill briefly; then for words ending in *ly*. Return to *restlessly* and practice pronunciation.

Taught is "an *aught* word," and will suggest *naught, naughty, naughtier, naughtiest, naughtily, caught, fraught, aught* (anything). A homonym should always be accompanied by its definition.

Against has only *again* for comparison. By erasing and replacing the *st* repeatedly conduct a brief and rapid drill.

Breath suggests the following rapid modifications: *breath, death, dead, bread, read, ready, readiness, read, stead, steady, steadily*, etc.

Glanced is "an *ance* word," and suggests the following group of words: *glance, lance, dance, prance, trance, France*, and *chance*.

At some time during the term the words thus developed in

series may be described by the process of letter spelling. This, however, should be postponed until great facility in recognizing words through their *phonograms* has been attained.

The aim in leading the children through this large *study* of words is that they may gain a general familiarity with words and their changing aspects rather than that they should amass any particular vocabulary. If they know the *science* of words, they will know *words*. Let the work be done, therefore, with no abatement of energy and faith when it is seen that its details are not surely remembered. Let it be done in the spirit of STUDY, not of memorization.

This course in Word Study, together with a carefully prepared character-feeding text, has produced the most ideal results in Reading in the schools of New York City, where this method is now in use.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

LESSON			PAGE
I.	How to be Happy		1
II.	The Elephant and the Dime		2
III.	Playing in the House	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	3
IV.	A Little Girl's Week		5
V.	The Two Gardeners		6
VI.	What the Daisy Sees		9
VII.	The Five Brothers		10
VIII.	The April Shower (Music)		11
IX.	The Magpie's Nest	*Æsop*	15
X.	Who loves the Trees Best	*Alice May Douglas*	16
XI.	The Friendly Oak	*Skinner's Arbor Day Manual*	18
XII.	The Two Dinners		22
XIII.	Little Helpers		23
XIV.	The Disappointed Snowflakes		24
XV.	Do what you Can		25
XVI.	Our Secret		30
XVII.	Coasting		31
XVIII.	Only One Mother		32
XIX.	The Maple Twins		34
XX.	Mother Earth's Quilts		36
XXI.	In Unity is Strength	*Æsop*	37
XXII.	The Good-natured Girl		38
XXIII.	The Story the Milk told Me	*Gertrude H. Noyes*	40
XXIV.	Dainty Milkweed Babies		45
	Grandma's Glasses		46
XXV.	Making the Best of Things		48
XXVI.	The Little Gardener		50
XXVII.	The Six Sunbeams		52
XXVIII.	Why Betty did not Laugh	"*The Primary School*"	54
XXIX.	The Little Worm that was glad to be Alive	*Elizabeth P. Peabody*	56
XXX.	The Wish		60
	Singing	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	62

LESSON			PAGE
XXXI.	WHAT THE CLOCK SAID		62
XXXII.	THE LITTLE ANGEL	*Elizabeth Prentiss*	68
XXXIII.	THE SUNSHINE MAKER	*"Our Little Folks"*	70
XXXIV.	THE MOON	*Eliza Lee Follen*	75
XXXV.	THE FOUR PEACHES		77
XXXVI.	PURITY		81
XXXVII.	A SLEEPY STORY		82
XXXVIII.	THE SWING		84
XXXIX.	CLOUDS, RAIN, AND SNOW		86
XL.	HELPING ONE ANOTHER		89
	THREE GOOD LITTLE BROTHERS		90
XLI.	A LESSON FROM THE ANIMALS		92
XLII.	A GOOD BOY	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	94
XLIII.	CARELESS TABBY		97
XLIV.	GRANDMA'S STITCHES		99
	A BUNCH OF KEYS		101
XLV.	SAVING DOLLY'S LIFE — A DIALOGUE	*Culture Readers*	102
XLVI.	WINTER AND SPRING	*Rebecca B. Foresman*	105
	FLOWER FOLKS		106
XLVII.	THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN		108
XLVIII.	LOOKING FOR FAIRYLAND		113
	LULLABY		114
XLIX.	HOW THE BOYS BEFRIENDED THE OLD LADY	*Fannie Lascomb*	116
L.	SPRING SONG		120
LI.	A DIALOGUE	*Fannie Lascomb*	122
LII.	ONLY ONE NOSE		126
	THE BUSY LITTLE MAIDEN		127
LIII.	THE BROWNIE'S NAP	*Fannie Lascomb*	129
LIV.	HELPING THE HEN		133
LV.	THE PINE TREE AND THE FLAX		136
LVI.	THE RAINBOW FAIRIES	*Lizzie M. Hadley*	140
LVII.	THE GARRET HOME		141
LVIII.	A FRIEND IN NEED		144
LIX.	MRS. PUSSY (MUSIC)		149
LX.	WORKING IN THE GARDEN		151
LXI.	LIVING RENT FREE		158

SECOND READER

FIRST HALF

I. HOW TO BE HAPPY

1. Do you want to be happy and gay,
Little man,
Do you want to be happy and gay?
Then do a kind deed every day,
Little man,
Then do a kind deed every day.

2. Do you want to be merry and glad,
Little maid,
Do you want to be merry and glad?

Then speak a bright word to the sad,
Little maid,
Then speak a bright word to the sad.

3. Do you want to be healthy and wise,
Little folk,
Do you want to be healthy and wise?
Then early to bed and to rise,
Little folk,
Yes, early to bed and to rise.

II. THE ELEPHANT AND THE DIME

1. An elephant, bound to a stake, was changing his weight restlessly from foot to foot, when he saw something bright on the ground.

2. It was a new dime. It lay near the wall, just out of his reach.

3. The elephant had been taught a number of tricks. He knew that if he could get the dime, he could buy peanuts with it when the man came round. So he blew hard against the wall.

4. Every time he blew, his breath glanced down from the wall, so as to strike the dime, which was slowly forced nearer to him.

5. At last he had the dime within his reach, and when the peanut man came round, he had a fine feast. —*Retold.*

III. PLAYING IN THE HOUSE

1. We built a ship upon the stairs
   All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
   And filled it full of sofa pillows
   To go a-sailing on the billows.

2. We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;"—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

3. We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

IV. A LITTLE GIRL'S WEEK

1. On Monday, when the day is fair,
   I wash my dolly's clothes;
   On Tuesday I can iron them,
   Although it rains or snows.

2. On Wednesday I go out to play—
   I take my dolly, too.
   On Thursday I receive my friends,—
   I've nothing else to do.

3. Then Friday is the time to clean,
And set all things to rights.
On Saturday my doll and I
Walk out to see the sights.

4. And Sunday is the day of rest;
My Papa says it is the best.

— *Selected.*

V. THE TWO GARDENERS

1. Two gardeners, who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost: one of them came to condole with the other on their misfortune.

2. "Ah!" said he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! I have done nothing but fret ever since. But you seem to have a fine, thrifty crop coming up already. What are these?"

O'Neill

The children have been helping Grandpa in the garden. Tell what they did for him.

3. "These?" replied the other gardener, "why, these are my second crop, which I sowed immediately after the loss of the first."

4. "What! coming up already?" exclaimed the fretter.

5. "Yes; while you were fretting, I was working."

6. "What! do you not fret when you meet with a loss?"

7. "If I do, I always put it off until I have repaired the damage."

8. "Why, then you have no need to fret at all."

9. "True," replied the other gardener; "for, at first I have no time for fretting, and afterward I have no occasion for it."

—*Selected.*

VI. WHAT THE DAISY SEES

1. Hi, little daisy!
   Ho, little daisy!
Under the apple tree.

2. There's nothing about you
   To make us doubt you,
Smiling at baby and me.

3. Hi, little daisy!
   Ho, little daisy!
What does your bright eye see?

4. A bird and a clover,
   With heads bending over,
Smiling at baby and me.

— *Selected.*

VII. THE FIVE BROTHERS

1. There were five brothers in one family. They were very active and skillful. They could write, and draw, and do many curious things.

2. Now it happened that just across the way there lived another family of five brothers, who were cousins to the first five. But they were not so active and skillful as the others.

3. They couldn't write or draw well; and if they had a knife, they made bad work with it. So, when they wanted anything made, they would go to their cousins across the way.

4. Soon it was found that the two families could do together a great many things that neither could do alone. The

brothers that were not so skillful would help by holding things, while the others did most of the work.

5. In this way they got into the habit of working together, so that now they make most of the furniture we have in our houses, as well as other articles of use and ornament.

— *Selected.*

First Pupil. I know who the first five brothers are. They are the fingers of the right hand.

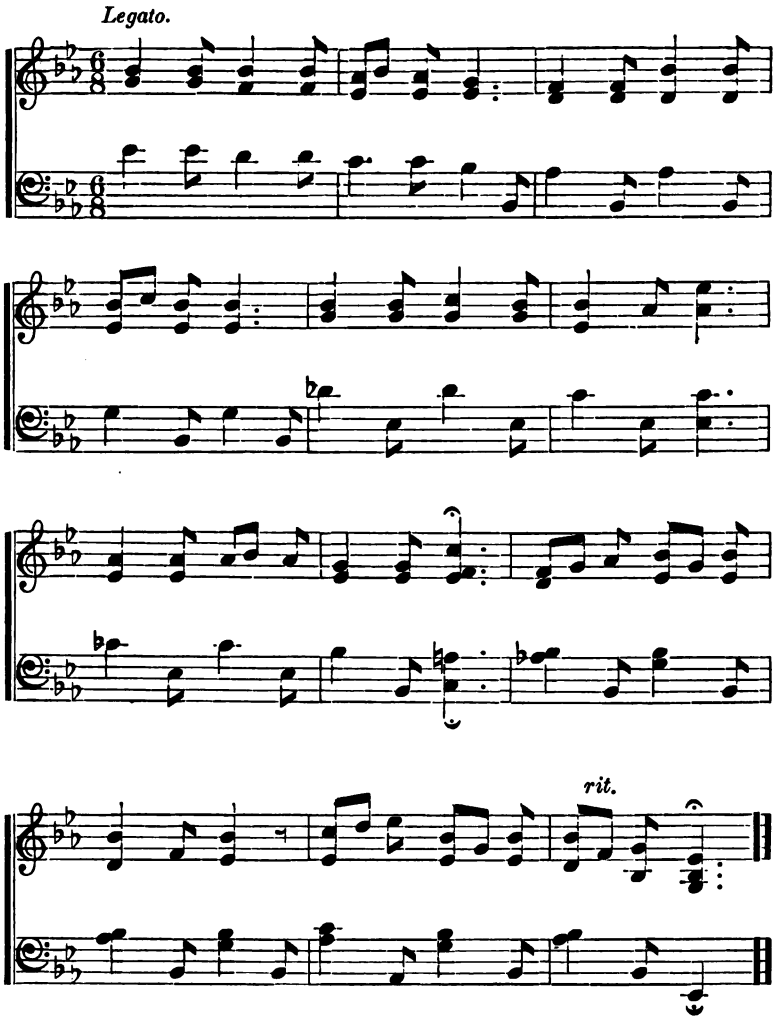
Second Pupil. And I know who the five brothers are that live across the way. They are the fingers of the left hand.

First Pupil. If the second five did not hold the work, there are many things that the first five could not do so well.

Second Pupil. The two families are like one family, in which the younger brothers help the older.

VIII. THE APRIL SHOWER

1. Patter, patter, let it pour,
   Patter, patter, let it roar.
Down the steep roof let it rush,

The April Shower

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Down the hillside let it gush.
'Tis the welcome April shower,
Which will make the sweet May flower.

2. Patter, patter, let it pour,
Patter, patter, let it roar.
Let the vivid lightning flash!
Let the headlong thunder crash!
'Tis the welcome April shower,
Which will make the sweet May flower.

3. Patter, patter, let it pour,
Patter, patter, let it roar.
Soon the clouds will burst away,
Soon will shine the bright spring day.
Soon the welcome April shower
Will awake the sweet May flower.

—*Selected.*

Tell a story about the picture.

IX. THE MAGPIE'S NEST

1. Once upon a time, when the world was young, the magpie, though a knowing bird, was the only one who had not learned to build a nest.

2. The other birds, taking pity on her, offered to teach her.

3. One said, "Place that stick there," showing the magpie how. "Oh, yes," said the magpie, "I knew that before."

4. Another bird said, "Turn that stick so," showing her how. "Yes," said the magpie, "I knew that before."

5. Thus the birds continued to show her, little by little, how to build a nest. At every moment she said, "Oh, yes, I knew that before."

6. At last the birds grew weary of get-

ting no credit for their kindness and wisdom, and told her if she knew as much as they did she might finish her nest by herself.

7. But the magpie could not do so without their help, and to this day she has never learned to build more than half a nest.

— ÆSOP.

X. WHO LOVES THE TREES BEST?

1. Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Spring;
"Their leaves so lovely
To them I bring."

2. Who loves the trees best?
"I," Summer said;

Tell how these trees look in spring; in summer; in autumn; in winter.

"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

3. Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Fall;
"I give luscious fruits,
And bright tints to all."

4. Who loves the trees best?
"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered;
"I give them rest."

—ALICE MAY DOUGLAS.

XI. THE FRIENDLY OAK

1. It was almost time for winter to come. The little birds had all gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold.

2. There was no green grass in the

fields, and there were no pretty flowers in the gardens. Many of the trees had dropped all their leaves. Cold winter, with its snow and ice, was coming.

3. At the foot of an old oak tree some sweet little violets were still in blossom. "Dear old oak," said they, "winter is coming; we are afraid that we shall die of the cold."

4. "Do not be afraid, little ones," said the oak; "close your yellow eyes in sleep, and trust to me. You have made me glad many a time with your sweetness. Now I will take care that the winter shall do you no harm."

5. So the violets closed their eyes and went to sleep; they knew that they could trust the oak. And the

great tree softly dropped red leaf after red leaf upon them, until they were all covered over.

6. The cold winter came, with its snow and ice, but it could not harm the little violets. Safe under the friendly leaves of the old oak, they slept and dreamed happy dreams until the warm rains of spring came and waked them again.

—"*Skinner's Arbor Day Manual.*"

Where do violets love best to grow?

What other plants do best in the shelter of the woods?

Tell what you know of ways in which plants help one another to grow.

Close your eyes and try to think of a world in which there would be no winter.

Write your thoughts of such a world.

HELPING MOTHER *Joseph Clark*

Tell what the children are doing.

XII. TWO DINNERS

1. "Heigh-ho!" said the toad.
"I'm hungry, I think.
To-day I've had nothing
To eat or to drink.

2. "I'll hop to a garden,
Hop in through the pales,
And there I'll dine nicely
On slugs and on snails."

3. "Croak!" said the frog.
"If that is your dream,
Then I'll hop away
To the bank of the stream.

4. "And there I will dine
On worms and slugs too.
Why should I not have
A fine dinner, like you?" — *Selected.*

XIII. LITTLE HELPERS

1. Johnny has a strawberry bed.

2. He is going to work there now.

3. He will bring in some ripe, red strawberries for supper.

4. Polly is going to the market. She will buy bread and meat.

5. Then she will set the table for supper.

6. Katy is making a cake. Her mother showed her how.

7. She will put eggs and flour and milk into the cake.

8. Sally is baking an apple pie.

9. The apples grew on father's tree. Father said Sally might take them.

10. Henrietta is calling the men home to supper. She is blowing the dinner horn. They can hear it far away.

11. Mother is ill, and the children are doing all the work.

XIV. THE DISAPPOINTED SNOWFLAKES

1. Four and twenty snowflakes
Came wandering from the sky,
And said: "Let's make a snowdrift,—
We can, if we but try."

2. So down they gently fluttered
And lighted on the ground,
And when they were all seated
They sadly looked around.

3. "We're very few indeed," sighed they,
"And we sometimes make mistakes;
We cannot make a snowdrift,
With four and twenty flakes."

4. Just then the sun peeped round a cloud
And smiled at the array,
And the disappointed snowflakes
Melted quietly away.

— *Selected.*

XV. DO WHAT YOU CAN

1. There was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he plowed it and planted the corn, and harrowed and

weeded it with great care, and on his field he depended for the chief support of his family.

2. But after he had worked hard, he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for rain, and he began to have fears for his crop.

3. He felt very sad, and went over every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

4. One day as he stood looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little raindrops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other:

5. "Look at that farmer; I feel sorry for him, he has taken so much pains with his field of corn, and now it is drying up; I wish I could do him some good."

THE NOON HOUR

Dupre

What has the man been doing? Why does he need the water? Tell the story of the picture.

6. "Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little raindrop; what can you do? You can't even wet one hillock."

7. "Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much, but I can cheer the farmer a little at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best; I'll try. I'll go to the field to show my good-will, if I can do no more; and so here I go."

8. The first raindrop had no sooner started for the field than the second one said:

9. "Well, if you are going, I believe I will go, too; here I come." And down went the raindrops — one came pat on the farmer's nose, and one fell on a stalk of corn.

10. "Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, "what's that? A raindrop! where did that come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

11. By this time a great many raindrops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about, and when they saw them going to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one said: "If you are going on such a good errand, I'll go, too," and down he came.

12. "And I," said another, "and I," and so on, till a whole shower came, and the corn was watered, and it grew and ripened — all because the first little raindrop determined to *do what it could.*

— *Selected.*

XVI. OUR SECRET

1. We have a secret,
   Just we three —
   The robin and I
   And the sweet cherry tree.

2. The bird told the tree,
   And the tree told me,
   And nobody knows it
   But just we three.

3. But of course the robin
   Knows it best,
   Because she built the —
   I sha'n't tell the rest —

4. She laid the four little —
   Somethings in it.
   I'm afraid I shall tell it
   Every minute.

—*Selected.*

XVII. COASTING

1. A hill; a sled all painted red,
   The name in yellow;
   A boy in cap, mittens, and wrap,
   A happy fellow.

2. The track like ice — that's very nice;
   A scrape and rumble;
   A little swerve, a hasty curve —
   And such a tumble!

3. A whirl; a stop; the sled on top—
Snow all this hiding;
A merry laugh — this is not half
The fun of sliding.

— *Selected.*

XVIII. ONLY ONE MOTHER

1. Hundreds of stars
In the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells
On the shore together;

2. Hundreds of birds
That go singing by,
Hundreds of bees
In the summer weather;

3. Hundreds of dewdrops
To greet the morn,

Meyer von Bremen

THE FIRST BIRTHDAY

Hundreds of lambs
In the crimson clover;

4. Hundreds of butterflies
On the lawn,
But only one mother,
The wide world over.

— *Selected.*

XIX. THE MAPLE TWINS

1. Two little maple seeds were twins.

2. They each had one wing. "Two wings are enough for us," they said, "for we can use them together."

3. They grew on one stem, which made them very happy.

4. When they were quite small, they hugged each other very closely.

5. "What are you afraid of?" said

the leaves all about them. "You will not fall."

6. The leaves had learned to dance merrily in the wind.

7. They knew their tree mother would hold them fast till it was time for them to leave her.

8. So the little twin seeds learned of the leaves.

9. They spread their wings apart and joined in the merry dance.

10. Then they grew brown and dry.

11. One day, the wind said to them, "Come with me."

12. They left their tree mother and went with the wind.

13. Where do you think he took them?

XX. MOTHER EARTH'S QUILTS

1. Four quilts are ready to fold and spread
   On Mother Earth's old trundle-bed.
2. The first, a brown and white old thing,
   She spreads on in the early spring.
3. The summer one is green and bright
   With daisies nodding in the light.
4. And then when winds are very cold,
   She spreads a quilt of red and gold.
5. And by and by, all in a night,
   She spreads her quilt of snowy white.

— Selected.

XXI. IN UNITY IS STRENGTH

1. An old man, the father of seven sons, lay dying. He called his boys to his bedside to receive his parting advice.

2. "Bring me seven good sticks," said he. The sticks were brought.

3. "Tie me them in a bundle." This was done.

4. "Break me the bundle." Each son tried in turn, but none was strong enough to break the bundle of sticks.

5. "Loose me the string." The string was untied.

6. "Break me the sticks, one by one." Each son took a stick and broke it.

7. "What have I taught you?" asked the dying man.

8. The sons thought a while, and

then the oldest and wisest said, "You have taught us, father, that to be strong against misfortune we must be united."

— ÆSOP.

XXII. THE GOOD-NATURED GIRL

1. No matter what happened
   They found her the same,
   No fuss and no fury,
   And no word of blame.

2. Her friends and relations
   Were quite at a loss
   To think how it was
   That she never was cross!

3. They said to her, "How
   On earth is it — pray tell —
   That you always are keeping
   Your temper so well?"

Where is Gretchen taking the kittens? Tell a story in which she amuses a sick little brother with them and then gives them back to mother Puss.

4. "Only this," she replied,
"I have made up my mind,
No matter what happens,
That I will be kind!"

— *Selected.*

XXIII. THE STORY THE MILK TOLD ME

1. Did you have a drink of good, sweet milk this morning? Yes? Well, so did I, and let me tell you the story it told me as it stood, white and creamy, in the tall glass.

2. You see, just as I was lifting it to my lips, it looked so foamy and fresh, that I said, "Good milk, do tell me where you came from before the milkman brought you to me."

3. The milk bubbled up a little, then

settled down quietly, and said: "Yes, I will tell you about it. Before the milkman brought me to you I stood in a bottle, with ever so many other bottles, in a dark, cool ice box in the milkman's shop, where we shivered and grew very cold."

4. "Then that is what makes you so cold now, is it?" said I.

5. "Yes," bubbled the milk. "Well, before I lived in the milkman's shop, I was swimming around with ever so much other milk in a very large milk can, out in the country, waiting to be bottled and carried to the city."

6. "Oh!" I interrupted, "I didn't know you came from the country. Do you grow on trees or in the ground?"

7. The milk laughed so hard and shook so, that it almost spilled itself over on the tablecloth, and I was afraid it would break the glass.

8. As soon as it could speak again, it said: "Dear me! Didn't you know that before I was put into the milk can, I came right from the old 'bossy cow,' who stands in the meadow by the river, chewing her cud? But before that, and before I was white, creamy milk as you see me now, I grew tall and green on the river bank. No wonder you look astonished. Yes, I was grass for the good old cow to eat."

9. "And before you were milk you were grass! How funny! And before that?"

10. "That is too long a story," rippled

The cow is watching baby drink the milk. Puss and the calves, too, would like to have some of the milk. Will baby leave a little for puss?

the milk; "and too difficult for me to tell and for you to understand."

11. "But where do you go after I drink you?" I asked.

12. "Oh! after you drink me," answered the milk, "I change into rich, red blood, to make your body grow strong and healthy."

13. "Dear, good milk," said I, as I once more lifted the glass to my lips, "then I won't say good-by to you before I drink you, but I will thank our Heavenly Father for making you, and thank the good old cow for giving you, and the milkman for bringing you to me."

14. Then I drank the cool, sweet milk, but I remembered its story to tell to you.

—GERTRUDE H. NOYES.

XXIV. DAINTY MILKWEED BABIES

1. Dainty milkweed babies,
   Wrapped in cradles green,
   Rocked by Mother Nature,
   Fed by hands unseen.

2. Brown coats have the babies,
   Slips of milky white;
   And wings — but that's a secret,
   They're folded out of sight.

— Selected.

GRANDMA'S GLASSES

1. When grandma puts her glasses on
   And looks at me just so,
   If I have done a naughty thing,
   She's sure, somehow, to know.
   How is it she can always tell
   So very, very, very well?

2. She says to me, "Yes, little one,
   I see it in your eye;"
   And if I look across the room,
   Or run and seem to try
   To hunt for something on the floor,
   She's sure to know it all the more.

— *Selected.*

What is the feeling that makes the little one uneasy when he has done a naughty thing?

Why is Conscience our best friend?

Placing a feather in Grandma's cap.

XXV. MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS

1. It was a cold spring day; the wind blew and snowflakes filled the air.

2. Two little robins were sitting close together on a branch of a tree, trying to keep warm.

3. One was a cross-looking bird with his head tied up and his feathers ruffled.

4. "I do wish that blackbird would be quiet," he cried. "All this morning it has done nothing but sing: 'Summer is coming! Summer is coming!' Looks like it, doesn't it?"

5. "But the sun must shine some time," said the other robin, "and then the snow will melt."

6. "Just look at these buds," said robin number one. "This frost will

be sure to kill them, and that means no fruit for us. This world is not running to please me at all; everything is wrong."

7. "How glad I am," said the other robin, "that I did not start to build my nest before it began to snow. We should be glad, too, that we have such nice warm coats. Now if I could only find a mouthful to eat — why, there is a worm!" and off he flew.

8. He had to work with all his might to get the worm out of the ground, but things worth having are worth working for, and at last he flew with it in his mouth to the branch where the cross robin sat.

9. "Come and have a bite," he called.

10. "You want me to be ill, do you?" asked robin number one. "Don't you know that frosty worms are the worst thing in the world for your health?"

11. The happy robin did not answer, but finished his meal; then off he flew, singing, "Summer is coming! Summer is coming!" — *Selected.*

XXVI. THE LITTLE GARDENER

1. "I am a little gardener,
With fresh ripe fruit to sell;
And if you'll please to buy from me
I'll try to serve you well."

2. "We see your basket is quite full
Of different kinds of fruit,
And we should like to buy from you
If you'll make prices suit."

3. "I've apples green and cherries red;
I've yellow lemons too,
And plums, and grapes, and oranges,
Which I will sell to you.

4. "Now open wide your ready hands,
And take the fruit from me,
And when my stock is all sold out
You then can sell to me."—*Selected.*

XXVII. THE SIX SUNBEAMS

1. Early one morning, six sunbeams left the sun. It took them just eight minutes to reach the earth, where they were needed, and get to work.

2. One beam went to the robin, asleep on her nest. "Twit!" said she. "Twitter-it!" Then she combed her feathers with her bill and began to feed her little ones.

3. One beam went to the squirrel in her hole in the tree. "Cheep!" said the squirrel. "Cheep, cheep!" Then she scolded her mate for staying so long abed, and was off about her day's business.

4. One beam went to the barn. The silly rooster had been crowing for ever

so long in the dark, but now the old hen awoke and flew down from her perch and went to clucking and scratching.

5. The doves, too, came out and began to coo "Good morning!" to each other. After they had settled it among them that it was a very fine morning indeed, they flew about to take their morning exercise. People should always exercise before breakfast.

6. One beam went straight to the beehive. It didn't have to knock long, for the flowers are sweet with the early dew upon them, and the bees know it.

7. But the sixth beam — ? How shall I ever tell it!

8. The sixth beam peeped in at Johnny's window and found him so fast

asleep that when it tried to wake him he only blinked his eyes and turned over for another nap.

XXVIII. WHY BETTY DID NOT LAUGH

1. "When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;

2. And all the other little girls
Began to laugh but me—
I did not laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

F. Morgan

A HEAVY LOAD

Tell a story of the picture.

3. "Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty, bless her little heart,
Had been so sweetly kind.

4. "Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or, don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Because 'twas I that fell."

—"*The Primary School.*"

XXIX. THE LITTLE WORM THAT WAS GLAD TO BE ALIVE

1. Once there was a little worm about as long as the nail of my thumb, and no larger round than a big darning needle. This little worm lived in a little house that he had made for himself in the ground, just big enough to hold him

when he rolled himself up like a little ball with his head sticking out.

2. There were no windows nor doors in his house, except one on top, which was his door to go in at and his window to look out of. When he had made this house he was tired, and crawled into it and curled himself up and went to sleep and slept all night.

3. In the morning the sun rose and spread his beams all over the world, and one of the bright sunbeams shone into the window of the little worm's house and touched his eyes and waked him, and he popped up his head and looked out and saw that it was very pleasant in the garden, and he thought to go out to walk.

4. He squirmed himself up out of his hole, and, because he had no feet, he crept along the garden path.

5. The warm beams of the sun put their arms all round his cold little body, and made it as warm as could be, and the sunbeams went into his little mites of eyes and filled him all full of light, and the songs of the birds went into his little mites of ears and filled him all up with music, and the sweet smell of hundreds of flowers went up that little mite of a nose and filled him up with their perfumes.

6. And so the little worm went creeping along, as glad as he could be that he was alive.

7. Now in the house that stood in that

garden lived a little boy about four years old; and when the morning came, the sunbeams had gone into the window of his nursery and waked him, and he was washed and dressed, and had his breakfast of bread and milk.

8. Then his mamma took him to the door that led down the steps of the piazza into the garden, and told him he might go down the path and have a good run to make himself warm. So down he ran.

9. He saw the little worm creeping along, so glad to be alive, and he ran on the other side of the path so as not to step on the worm.

10. The little worm nibbled a blade of grass and drank a little dew for his

breakfast, and then he felt tired, and went creeping back, full of good food, to the little hole that was his home, and curled himself up like a little ball and went to sleep.

— ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

XXX. THE WISH

1. Oh, if I were a birdie,
   How happy I would be,
   Singing all day long
   In a green, leafy tree!

2. Or down in the meadow,
   Drinking up the dew —
   If I were a birdie.
   Say, wouldn't you?

— *Selected.*

What does this picture show? What are the little birds crying for? Tell a story about the birds.

SINGING

1. Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
   And nests among the trees;
   The sailor sings of ropes and things
   In ships upon the seas.

2. The children sing in far Japan,
   The children sing in Spain;
   The organ with the organ man
   Is singing in the rain.

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

XXXI. WHAT THE CLOCK SAID

I

1. There was a clock in the nursery, and it kept talking all day long.

2. "What does the clock say, Nursey?" asked little Dick.

3. "It says 'Tick, tick, tick,'" said Nursey.

4. Dick listened to the clock whenever he wasn't doing anything else.

5. Sometimes it seemed to him that Nursey was right; but at other times the clock seemed to say other things.

6. Dick was a very busy little boy. He had many things to do for all his toy people. Yet he often found time to listen to the clock.

7. One day Nursey called him to have his hands washed and his hair brushed. It was time for bread and milk.

8. Dick wasn't very hungry. He wanted to finish marching the king of France up the hill, so he said, "Pretty soon," to Nursey.

9. But the king of France tumbled head over heels so many times that "pretty soon" became a long while.

10. "Come, Dickie! Come quick," said Nursey. "Your nice warm milk is getting cold."

11. "I want to march the king of France up the hill," said Dick; and he put the poor king on his feet again. But the clock spoke out louder than usual, and said, "Quick, quick, quick, quick!"

12. So Dick left the king and his soldiers lying in a heap and ran to Nursey, for he always obeyed the clock.

II

13. Another time he heard real soldiers in the street with a band of music.

DICK

He ran in such a hurry to the window to see them that he tumbled over the house that Jack built and bumped his nose.

14. Then, while he lay in Nursey's lap, trying to stop sobbing in time to see the soldiers before they should all be gone, the clock talked out loud again, and said, "Not-too-quick-not-too-quick-not-too-quick."

15. On Nursey's day out Winnie and Susie were set to mind Dick. This they did very well for some time.

16. After a while, however, they left him, and went downstairs tiptoeing and peeping to see who the callers were that had rung the bell.

17. When they came back, Dick was

pulling his Teddy bear to pieces. Of course, they scolded him. Dick did not care, but the clock remembered.

18. At night, when all else was still, and Nursey was waiting for Dick to go to sleep, it kept saying, "Oh, Dick! Oh, Dick! Oh, Dick!" till Dick could bear it no longer.

19. Then he burst into tears and told Nursey how naughty he had been.

20. "Never mind, dear," said Nursey. "When the cat's away the mice will play."

21. So Dick stopped crying and went to sleep.

22. But ever after that he was careful not to do anything that would grieve his good friend, the clock.

XXXII. THE LITTLE ANGEL

1. Right into our house one day
   A dear little angel came;
   I ran to him and said softly, —
   "Little angel, what is your name?"

2. He said not a word in answer,
   But smiled a beautiful smile;
   Then I said, "May I go home with you?
   Shall you go in a little while?"

3. But mother said, "Dear little angel,
   Don't leave us; oh, always stay!
   We will all of us love you dearly;
   Sweet angel, oh, *don't* go away!"

4. So he stayed and he stayed, and we love him,

What is the baby dreaming about? Who are the children that are looking at him? What will they do when he wakes? Write the story.

As we could not have loved another.

Do you want to know what his name is?

His name is — *my little brother!*

— ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

XXXIII. THE SUNSHINE MAKER

1. "Oh, dear! It always rains when I want to go anywhere!" said little Annie. "It is too bad! Now I must stay indoors, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

2. "Perhaps so," said Uncle James; "but you need not have an unhappy day unless you choose."

3. "How can I help it? I wanted to go to the Park and hear the music,

and take Fido, and play on the grass, and look at the flowers, and have lunch under the trees. And now there will not be any sunshine at all."

4. "Well, let us *make* a little sunshine," said Uncle James. "Make sunshine?" said Annie, "why, how you talk!" And she smiled through her tears. "You haven't a sunshine factory, have you, uncle?"

5. "No; but I am going to start one directly, if you will be my partner," replied Uncle James. "But I will first give you my rules for making sunshine, so that you may judge whether the business will succeed:

6. "*First*, Do not think of what you might have done, if the day had been

pleasant; *second*, See how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and, *third*, Do all you can to make other people happy."

7. "Well, I will try the last rule first," said Annie; and she went to work to amuse her little brother Frank, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing, *she* was laughing, too.

8. "Well," said Uncle James, "I see you are a good sunshine maker, for you have about all you or Frank can use just now. But let us try what we can do with the *second* rule."

9. "But I haven't anything to enjoy. My doll is broken, and my picture books are all torn, and —"

Tell what Uncle James and the children did when the rain was over.

10. "Stop," said Uncle James; "here's an old *newspaper*. Let us get some fun out of that!"

11. "Fun out of a newspaper! why, how you talk!" But Uncle James showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a family of paper dolls, and many pretty things for Frank, besides.

12. And so she found amusement in many simple things; and when bed-time came, she said, "Good night, dear Uncle James." "Good night, little *sunshine maker*," said he.

13. Thus little Annie learned the truth of the saying, "A cheerful heart makes its *own* sunshine"; and she never forgot the lesson. — "*Our Little Folks.*"

XXXIV. THE MOON

1. O, look at the moon,
   She is shining up there;
   O, Mother, she looks
   Like a lamp in the air.

2. Last week she was smaller,
   And shaped like a bow;
   But now she's grown bigger,
   And round like an O.

3. Pretty moon, pretty moon,
   How you shine on the door,
   And make it all bright
   On my nursery floor!

4. You shine on my playthings,
   And show me their place,
   And I love to look up
   At your pretty, bright face.

5. And there is a star
Close by you, and may be
That small, twinkling star
Is your dear little baby.

— ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

XXXV. THE FOUR PEACHES

1. A father who had four young sons once brought home with him five ripe and juicy peaches, which he gave, one to each of them, and one to their mother.

2. The next day the father said to his sons, "Well, boys, how did you like the peaches?"

3. "Oh, they were delicious!" exclaimed the oldest boy. "I ate mine, and I have taken care of the stone. I mean to raise a tree from it."

4. "Well done!" said the father. "It is always wise to provide for the future."

5. "I ate mine," exclaimed the youngest, "and threw away the stone. Then

mother gave me half of her peach. Oh, how sweet it was! it almost melted in my mouth."

6. "Indeed, my boy," observed the father, "I cannot say much for your prudence, but you acted in a childlike manner, as might have been expected."

7. "I picked up the stone," said the second son, "that my little brother threw away, and cracked it, and in it was a kernel, so sweet! so rich! like a nut. But I sold my own peach for money enough to buy a dozen, when I go to the city."

8. The old man shook his head. Then he patted the cheek of his boy, and said, "Your conduct was prudent, but it was by no means childlike. I

Vautier

Tell a story about the picture.

pray God that you may not become miserly."

9. "Well, Charles," inquired the father, "what did you do with your peach?"

10. "I carried it," said the boy, "to poor George, the son of our neighbor, who is sick with a fever. He refused to take it, but I laid it on his bed and came away."

11. "Now," said the father, "who made the best use of his peach?"

12. The boys were all agreed that Charles had done the best thing possible with his peach in giving it to refresh the parched lips of an invalid.

— *Retold.*

Write a story of a kind action.

XXXVI. PURITY

1. Doves upon the roof-tree sit,
   Pruning every feather;
   Pussy washes free from dust
   Paws and face together.

2. Swallows, linnets, ducks, and geese,
   In the water washing;
   Pony, too, as well as these,
   In the pond is splashing.

3. Well they know the blessing, too,
   Birds and leaves and flowers;
   Blossoms bathe themselves in dew,
   Trees in cooling showers.

4. Birds and trees and blossoms sure
   Speak the voice of Heaven;
   So must we keep bright and pure
   All that God has given. —*Selected.*

XXXVII. A SLEEPY STORY

1. It was time for Benny to go to sleep, but he wanted a story.

2. Now, stories were very apt to keep Benny awake. What was Margaret to do?

3. "I know!" thought she. And this is the story she told.

4. Once there was a mighty king, and his name was King Regis.

5. And King Regis had a beautiful wife, who was a queen. And the queen's name was Regina.

6. And King Regis and Queen Regina had a brave son, who was a prince. And the prince's name was Dauphin.

7. And Prince Dauphin had a little

brother, who was also a prince. And the little prince's name was Royal.

And Prince Royal had a little white dog, who had a black spot on his back. And the little dog's name was Spot.

8. And the little dog Spot had a golden basket to sleep in. And the basket's name was Willow.

9. And the basket had a soft cushion in it for the little dog Spot to sleep on. And the cushion's name was Downy.

10. And the cushion had a pretty pink tassel that hung outside the basket. And the tassel's name was——

11. But by this time Benny was fast asleep.

12. What was Benny waiting to hear when he forgot to listen to any more?

XXXVIII. THE SWING

1. Merrily goes the swing
   Under the old oak tree:
   Now we go up, and now we go down;
   Happy as birds are we.

2. Pleasantly comes the breeze,
   Fanning my cheek and brow:
   Pleasantly breaks the light
   Down through the leafy bough.

3. Just like a bird on the wing,
   Just like a cloud in the sky,
   Upward I mount, and downward I sink,
   Backward and forward I fly.

4. Now for a good toss up,
   Next time I'll touch the tree:

THE SWING

W. S. Coleman

Oh, it's as good as a sail
Over the billowy sea.

5. Now let me settle down,
Like the sea when storms are o'er,
Lower and lower yet,
Till at last I touch the shore.

— *Selected.*

XXXIX. CLOUDS, RAIN, AND SNOW

1. One morning, Willie's mother called him, and said, "I told you, my dear, that I would show you when a cloud was falling. Look out of the window, and you will see one now."

2. Willie ran to the window in a great hurry to see what he thought must be so strange a sight. He looked first up to the sky; then he looked to the

right, and then to the left; nowhere could he see anything falling.

3. "Why, Willie, where are your eyes?" said his mother; "I see a great many things falling."

4. "Where?" inquired Willie, eagerly. "I can see nothing at all but drops of rain."

5. "Well, and what are drops of rain made of?"

6. "They are made of water," replied Willie.

7. "And what are the clouds made of?"

8. "Why, you once told me they were made of water, too."

9. "Well, then, my dear, when a cloud falls it does not come down plump upon your head like a pail of water, as

you thought it did, but it falls in drops, and those drops are called rain."

10. "How droll it is!" cried Willie. "Then rain is a cloud tumbling down to the ground?"

11. "Yes, it is; but it is called a cloud only when it is up in the sky, and rain when it falls to the ground."

12. "And up in the clouds is it in drops, mother, or all in one, like a pail of water?"

13. "In drops," replied his mother, "much smaller drops than rain. It is more like the little drops that we caught in the teaspoon when we held it over the steam."

14. "Oh, yes, I remember!" cried Willie; "and I said, 'How many things

are made of water!' And now I see there are more things made of water. There are the clouds, and rain, and steam, and ice, and snow."

XL. HELPING ONE ANOTHER

1. "Let us help one another,"
   The snowflakes said,
   As they cuddled down
   In their fleecy beds.

2. "One of us here
   Would not be felt;
   One of us here
   Would quickly melt.

3. "But I'll help you,
   And you'll help me,
   And then what a splendid
   Drift we'll be!" —*Selected.*

THREE GOOD LITTLE BROTHERS

1. In the cozy kitchen,
   All the live-long day,
   Live three little fellows,
   Jumping round at play.

2. They are little brothers,
   Full of joy and fun
   As the merry robins,
   Singing in the sun.

3. Never do they quarrel
   Over balls and bats,
   For these little brothers
   Are but pussy-cats.

— *Selected.*

Three little brothers full of life and fun.

XLI. A LESSON FROM THE ANIMALS

1. Willie had heard that mice are neat little things; and, when he came

to think about it, all the mice he had seen in traps or running about looked "quite clean and decent," as he said.

2. At any rate, they never looked as if they had gone splashing through mud puddles and then forgotten to clean their boots.

3. "They are fitter to live in nice houses than some little boys I know," whispered that good fairy that was always making him feel he ought to do better about this and that.

4. "I wonder if they have a kind of

nice feeling about it," thought Willie, remembering that he was a boy, and ought to have nicer feelings than a mouse.

5. While he was thinking about it he happened to notice his mother's canary bird. It had just taken a bath and was combing its feathers with its dainty little bill. He had often seen wild birds do the same thing when he was out in the country for his vacation.

6. "Birds must have nice feelings about neatness, too," thought Willie.

7. Then he remembered that all the animals he knew looked as if they bathed and combed and brushed themselves. He had seen his rabbits wash their faces, and —

8. There was Puss, who had just finished her own toilet, actually washing and brushing her kittens.

9. "Dear me!" thought Willie. "I can't allow the lower animals to have nicer feelings about such things than I have!" And from that time on he kept himself like a little gentleman.

XLII. A GOOD BOY

1. I woke before the morning,
   I was happy all the day,
   I never said an ugly word,
   But smiled and stuck to play.

2. And now at last the sun is going
   Down behind the wood,

"I was happy all the day."

And I am very happy,
For I know that I've been good.

3. My bed is waiting cool and fresh,
With linen smooth and fair,
And I must off to Sleepsin-by,
And not forget my prayer.

4. I know that till, to-morrow,
I see the sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind,
No ugly sight my eyes,

5. But slumber hold me tightly
Till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing
In the lilacs round the lawn.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

What other verses have you read by Robert Louis Stevenson?

XLIII. CARELESS TABBY

1. Tabby caught a mouse.

2. Not being very hungry, she thought she would play with poor mousie a little while.

3. She lifted her paw and let it run a little way. Then she jumped after it.

4. This was as much fun for Tabby as playing with a ball on a string is for a little girl.

5. Tabby purred happily as she played with the mouse.

6. Her warm, loud breathing sounded in mousie's ears like a great voice, saying: "You cannot get away. You cannot get away."

7. Mousie did not expect to get away, but he kept on trying.

8. There was something about big Tabby, bending over him, that made mousie feel sleepy.

9. He began to care very little whether he got away or not. Each time Tabby lifted her paw, mousie was slower in starting to run.

10. All this happened out on the garden path.

11. A sparrow flew down to help himself to some crumbs which the cook had thrown out for him.

12. Tabby forgot her mouse for a moment in watching the bird.

13. As soon as Tabby began to think of the bird, mousie began to feel less sleepy, and to think of getting away again.

14. At last Tabby made a spring to catch the sparrow.

15. By this time, mousie was wide awake again, and in about as much time as it takes Tabby to whisk her tail, he was under the stoop, and safe.

16. The sparrow flew away, and Tabby was left with neither mouse nor bird.

17. Never try to do two things at the same time.

XLIV. GRANDMA'S STITCHES

Grandma says we little witches
Make her drop so many stitches,
Laughing, till she fairly shakes,
At our pranks; but she mistakes—
For when I brought my little basket

(Just myself, she didn't ask it),
To hunt her stitches on the floor
(A dozen dropped, she said, or more),
There wasn't one, that I could find!
Poor grandma must be getting blind.

— *Selected.*

A BUNCH OF KEYS

1. A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.
"Good morning!" that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

2. When evening comes, "Good night!"
I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

3. When friends give anything to me
I use the little "Thank you" key.
I often use each golden key,
Because folks are so kind to me.

— *Selected.*

XLV. SAVING DOLLY'S LIFE

A DIALOGUE

Dick. Good morning, madam! Did you telephone for me?

Nellie. Yes, indeed, I did, doctor. Baby has been sick all night. I think it must be measles.

Dick. Hm! Ha! Yes, I see. She

seems to have a great deal of fever. Let me see her tongue.

Nellie. But, doctor, she cannot put her tongue out. She is too far gone.

Dick. So bad as that? My dear lady, I don't want to frighten you, but your child has lockjaw. She may not live more than half an hour.

Nellie. Oh, dear me! Then what shall I do for a baby? Tabby won't do. Jip won't do. Wouldn't it save her life, doctor, to give her a ride in your express cart?

Dick. My express cart, madam!

Nellie. Oh, I beg your pardon! I mean your coach. I forgot you were the doctor. There, there, baby, don't cry!

Dick. I think I'll leave you now.

Nellie. But, doctor, I think I see her smile. She may get well after all.

Dick. Let me feel her pulse. Yes, she is growing stronger. She must have something to eat. What is this you have here?

Nellie. A piece of plum cake, doctor. I fear that it is too rich for her.

Dick. Let me see if it is.

Nellie. Oh, doctor, what a big bite!

Dick. Yes, but I shall have to taste it again, to make quite sure. It would not do to give a sick baby the wrong kind of food.

Nellie. But, doctor, you have eaten all my plum cake! Now I have nothing to give the baby.

Dick. Give her a cracker. That will do her more good than the cake. I had to eat that, you see. It was the only way to save her life.

Nellie. I hope you won't charge very much for eating it, doctor!

Dick. Oh, no; I won't send you a bill till my next visit. Good-by, madam!

Nellie. Good-by, doctor!

—"*Culture Readers*," Book III.

XLVI. WINTER AND SPRING

1. Mother Earth is sound asleep;
   Who, oh! who will wake her?

2. "I will," said the mild south wind,
   "I will gently shake her."

3. Mother Earth is wide awake;
Who will bring her flowers?

4. "I will," said the beaming sun,
"Helped by April showers."

— REBECCA B. FORESMAN.

FLOWER FOLKS

1. Pretty little flower folks,
In the garden beds;
Soft dews to bathe you—
How you nod your heads!

2. Busy bees to visit you,
Birdies full of glee—
Do you love your garden home,
Or will you come with me?

— *Selected.*

When is Mother Earth asleep? When is she widest awake? What does she open for eyes? What does she do for work?

IN THE GARDEN BEDS

XLVII. THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

1. An old woman who lived in a village went into her garden one day to gather some beans for her dinner.

2. As she wanted them to cook quickly, she threw a handful of straw on to the fire, to make a bright flame.

3. Then she put the beans into the pot to boil, but while she was doing so one of them fell to the floor and rolled quite close to a wisp of the straw, which she had also dropped.

4. A bright red coal next fell from the grate and bounced over to where the straw and the bean lay.

5. The two cried out to the coal, "Keep away! Please don't come too

near us till you have cooled off a bit!" for they feared the coal would burn them.

6. "Oh," replied the coal, "the heat made me so strong that I was able to jump from the fire. Had I not done so, my death would have been certain, and I should have died by this time."

7. "If the old woman had put me into the pot with my friends, I should have been boiled to broth," said the bean.

8. "I might have been burned," said the straw, "for all my brothers were pushed into the fire and smoke by the old woman. She put fifty of us in a bunch, but I slipped through her fingers."

9. "Well, now, what shall we do with ourselves?" asked the coal.

10. "I think," answered the bean, "we may as well go away together to some more friendly country." The two others agreed to do this, so they started on their journey.

11. After a while they came to a stream over which there was no bridge. They were puzzled to know how to get over to the other side.

12. The straw said, "I will lay myself across the stream, so that you two can walk over on me as if I were a bridge." Then he stretched himself from one bank to the other.

13. The coal stepped quite bravely over the straw bridge until he reached

"They came to a stream."

the middle of the stream. Then, hearing the water rushing under him, he was greatly frightened. He stood still and dared not move a step farther. Then a sad thing happened.

14. The straw was scorched in the middle by the heat still in the coal. It broke in two and fell into the brook. The coal fell after it into the water.

15. The bean had stayed behind on the shore. When she saw what had happened she laughed so hard that she burst. She would have been worse off than her friends were had not a tailor come to rest by the brook.

16. He saw the bean, and, being a kind-hearted man, he took a needle and thread out of his pocket. Taking up

the bean, he sewed her together, for which she thanked him very much.

17. He had only black thread with which to sew the bean, so ever since that time the bean has had a black mark down her back.

— From the German.

XLVIII. LOOKING FOR FAIRYLAND

1. "Where is the road to fairyland?
What is the shortest way?
Come, let us ask the flowers all,
And see what they will say.

2. "The little birds that sweetly sing
Above us in the air
Will kindly tell us where to go;
They surely have been there.

3. "And then, perhaps, when we have found
The fairy queen so true,
She'll touch us with her little wand,
And make us fairies, too."

— *Selected.*

LULLABY

1. Sleep, my baby, sleep, my darling,
Rest your little sleepy head;
For the robin and the starling
Long ago have gone to bed.
Lullaby, lullaby!

2. All the little birds are sleeping,
Each one in his cradle nest,
Safe in Mother Nature's keeping.
Baby, close your eyes and rest.
Lullaby, lullaby!

Thos. Ford

SLEEP, MY DARLING

3. Sleep, O, sleep, my little darling;
Till the morning, fresh and gay,
Wakes the robin and the starling
With the call of a new day.
Lullaby, lullaby!

— Adapted.

XLIX. HOW THE BOYS BEFRIENDED THE OLD LADY

1. On a busy corner of a crowded city street, an old lady was standing, watching for a chance to cross.

2. She had stood there some time, and was growing quite weary. So many trolley cars and wagons and carriages were speeding past, that she was afraid to venture alone into the roadway.

3. The cars went very fast, and there

always seemed to be one passing. Once in a while there was room between them to get across. Then a carriage or truck would be sure to come between.

4. The old lady was quite timid. Even if the carriages were not very close, she was afraid of them. She could not move very quickly.

5. "The city is no place for slow people," she said to herself. Just then, she saw a new danger approaching. It was a crowd of school boys on their way home.

6. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed the old lady, "what shall I do now? The horses keep to the roadway, but rough boys may knock against one anywhere. Here they come. They will jostle me

off the sidewalk. I shall fall under the horses' hoofs and the carriage wheels."

7. But one boy came toward her ahead of the others. He looked at her with a bright, friendly smile. "Are you waiting to get across?" he asked.

8. "Yes, dear," she replied. "But there are so many horses, and I cannot walk very fast."

9. "Look out, fellows!" cried Walter, for that was the boy's name. The other boys were coming up with a thoughtless rush. One of them was running backward. None of them seemed to be looking ahead very carefully.

10. Walter was afraid they would do the old lady some harm. "This is some

fellow's mother," he said. "Be careful of her."

11. Not one of the boys would have wanted to see rudeness shown to his own mother. So they all checked their speed and some of their caps came off.

12. Then Walter and a still larger boy led the old lady across the street. One walked on each side of her, holding her arm. They watched their chance to pass between the cars, and warned back the drivers of horses with their hands.

13. The other boys followed close behind. It would have been hard for harm to come to an old lady so well guarded. And no harm came to this one.

— FANNIE LASCOMB.

L. SPRING SONG

1. "Wake!" says the sunshine,
"'Tis time to get up!
Wake, pretty daisy,
And sweet buttercup!

2. "You have been sleeping
The whole winter long,
Hark! don't you hear?
'Tis Bluebird's first song!"

3. "Wake!" call the streamlets.
"We've lain here so still —
Now we must all
Go to work with a will."

4. "Wake!" says the south wind.
"Come, dear willow tree,
Put on your leaflets,
And smile, just for me!"

Tell a story of the picture.

5. "Wake!" breathes the air
From the blue sky above.
"Wake! for the season's
All beauty and love."

6. Wake, little children,
So happy and dear!
Ah, what would spring be
If you were not here?

— *Adapted.*

LI. A DIALOGUE

Ned. (*Standing alone in front of the class.*) Now, I'm ready to answer any questions you people may want to ask me.

Whipping Top. (*Comes forward and faces him.*) You may whip me all you like. What am I?

Ned. My whipping top. Next! (*Whipping top retires. Drum comes forward.*)

Drum. You may beat me, too, but I shall make a big noise if you do. What am I?

Ned. My drum! Next! (*Each questioner in turn retires on being answered, and the next steps forward.*)

Boat. The pond was made for you and me and the ducks. What am I?

Ned. My boat. Next!

Kite. I can climb without a ladder. What am I?

Ned. My kite. Next!

Spade. You push me under, but hold me from falling. What am I?

Ned. My spade. Next!

Knife. I hurt you once, and you cried. You have taken better care of me than ever since then. What am I?

Ned. I didn't cry much, Jackknife! Do you want me to shut you up and put you in my pocket? (*Jackknife runs to seat.*)

Dinner Plate. You love me dearly. Yet every day you take all I have away from me. What am I?

Ned. Never mind if you are full again next time, Dinner Plate.

Work. You don't love me as well as you ought to. Yet I am making a man of you. What am I?

Ned. Don't come now, Work. It's play time.

Back of Neck. I have belonged to

you all your life. Yet other people can see me and you can't. What am I?

Ned. My heart?

B. of N. No. Can other people see your heart?

Ned. Then I can't guess you.

B. of N. I am the back of your neck.

Ned. (*Twisting about, trying to see the back of his neck.*) Who says I can't see the back of my neck?

B. of N. Can you?

Ned. No. You're right about it. Is the game up?

B. of N. Here comes one more.

Mother. I am your dear aunt's only sister, and I've come to tell you play time is over, and to put you to bed. Who am I?

Ned. Oh, I suppose you're my mother. Well, I've had fun enough for one day, anyway.

— FANNIE LASCOMB.

LII. ONLY ONE NOSE

1. Eight fingers,
Ten toes,
Two eyes and one nose.
Baby said, when she smelled of the rose:
"Oh, what a pity, I've only one nose!"

2. Twelve little teeth
In two little rows,
Lots of dimples and one nose.
Baby said, when she smelled of the snuff:
"Cachoo! Deary me! One nose is enough."

— *Selected.*

THE BUSY LITTLE MAIDEN

1. I know a little maiden
   Who can sweep and dust and sew;
   Who can mend her little dresses,
   And tie a pretty bow.

2. Who can give the thirsty window plants
   A cooling drink each day;
   Who can smile and look as pleasant
   When at work as when at play.

3. She brings papa his dressing-gown,
   And warms his slippers well;
   She lays the plates and knives and forks,
   And rings the supper bell.

This picture tells a story. Can you tell what the story is?

4. She keeps herself, her books, her toys
So tidy and so neat;
Indeed, one half the good she does
I cannot here repeat.

— *Selected.*

LIII. THE BROWNIE'S NAP

1. A Brownie once went to sleep.

2. Now, Brownies should never go to sleep, for they have a funny way of forgetting to wake up until something touches them quite roughly.

3. This Brownie was awakened by Northwind.

4. "Where am I?" said Brownie, rubbing his eyes.

5. "You are in January," said Northwind. "You went to sleep in October."

6. "Yes, I remember. It was Indian summer — very drowsy weather."

7. "It is time for you to get to work again."

8. "What am I to do?" said Brownie, sleepily, stretching himself almost from here to there and yawning so that Northwind gave him another shake.

9. "Have you forgotten?" said Northwind. "Your winter work is to polish the ice crystals so that they glitter and sparkle and make the world as beautiful as it was in summer."

10. "But where are my friends?"

11. "What friends?"

12. "My swallows and other song birds."

13. "You sleepy fellow! They went south before you fell asleep."

14. "Oh, yes, I remember. But where are my butterflies and caterpillars?"

15. "Most of your precious butterflies are dead. A few are asleep, waiting for Southwind to wake them in the spring. They don't mind me. Your caterpillars have shut me out with softly lined walls of gum and silk. They are swinging from branches and twigs in their silly bags and I can't get at them. I've a mind to blow them all from their places. I don't know why they behave so, for they never come out till I am gone."

16. "I know!" said the Brownie. "And where are my grasshoppers?"

17. "All dead, dead, dead. I made short work of them."

18. "Poor grasshoppers!" said Brownie. "They never will believe winter is coming. How about my ants?"

19. "The ants are alive in the ground and the bees are safe in their hives, fast asleep, I believe."

20. "They were too wise to be caught by you, Mr. Northwind. Heigh-ho! It looks like a lonely world. But I must get to work and fix it up a little, for the children's sake."

— FANNIE LASCOMB.

How did the Brownie fix the world up?

Write a story telling what he did to make the world beautiful in winter.

LIV. HELPING THE HEN

1. "It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Bessie, her face all aglow;
"For what do you think, mamma, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.

2. "The little brown hen was there, clucking —
'Cut-cut,' she said quick as a wink;
Then, 'Cut-cut,' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.

3. "And then she would say it all over;
She did look so mad and so vexed;

BESSIE AND THE HENS

For, what do you think? She'd forgotten
The word that she ought to say next!

4. "So I said, 'Ca-*daw*-cut,' 'Ca-*daw*-cut,'
As loud and as strong as I could;
And she looked around at me so thankful,
I tell you it made her feel good.

5. "So she flopped and said, 'Cut-cut-ca-*daw*-cut'
(She remembered just how it went then);
But it's well I went into the garden;
She might never have clucked right again."

— *Selected.*

LV. THE PINE TREE AND THE FLAX

1. A pine tree and some flax grew near together.

2. They nodded to each other in the friendliest way as the wind passed by, and, I have no doubt, expected to be neighbors all their lives.

3. But though the pine was a tall, strong tree, there came some men one day and cut it down. They chopped off all its branches and took the long slender trunk away with them.

4. The needles rustled cheerfully in the wind as the branches lay on the ground, but the flax felt that the tree was gone. She wondered what would become of it.

5. Soon there came some more men

and gathered in the flax. It was spun into strong thread and woven into cloth.

6. Some flax is made into very, very fine cloth. You see it in your mother's best table linen, and in your father's soft linen handkerchiefs.

7. This flax was made into cloth that was heavy and coarse. It was called sailcloth.

8. After lying on a shelf in a store-house for some time, it was bought by a man who wanted to make it into sails. It was cut and sewed by men, this work being too heavy for women.

9. Then it was hoisted with ropes and hung from a tall mast.

10. When the vessel was ready to sail, the linen was thrown open to the

The story tells where the mast and the sails of this vessel came from. Can you tell where other parts of the ship came from ?

wind. It was held fast along two of its three sides, and so the wind in blowing upon it moved the ship over the water.

11. When out of sight of land, and flying over the sea at a fine rate, almost like a bird, the flax was startled to hear a familiar voice quite near.

12. "How is this? How do you like life on the ocean wave?" said the voice.

13. There was a good deal of creaking noise among the rigging of the ship, and the sailor who was running up the long rope ladder at the moment did not hear what the voice said.

14. But the flax knew that she and the pine tree were neighbors again in a fine new life. —*Retold.*

LVI. THE RAINBOW FAIRIES

1. Two little clouds,
One summer's day,
Went flying through the sky.

2. They went so fast,
They bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.

3. Old father sun
Looked out, and said,
"Oh, never mind, my dears!

4. "I'll send my little
Fairy folk
To dry away your tears."

5. One fairy came
In violet,
And one wore indigo.

6. In blue, green, yellow,
Orange, red,
They made a pretty show.

7. They wiped the cloud tears
All away,
And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line
The sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.

— LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

LVII. THE GARRET HOME

1. Johnny's mother has gone away.

2. People say she died. Johnny does not know what that means. He only knows that she went away to the hospital, and does not come back to him.

3. Johnny is ill, and needs her. He has been alone all day.

4. Papa left a cracker and a glass of water near, when he went out this morning. Johnny ate half the cracker and drank all the water.

5. The lady from downstairs came up once, but Johnny said he did not want anything.

6. All the time, his poor little heart was crying out, "I want my mother!" But he did not cry aloud. He felt very weak and lay quite still.

7. Papa has been walking the streets all day, looking for work. He looks so poor that many think he is a tramp, and turn him away.

8. Others say they want strong, young

WORN OUT

Thos. Faed

men, and he will not do. Not a penny has he been able to earn to-day. And he is "too proud to beg, too honest to steal."

9. There must be some friend near for Johnny and his poor, tired father. Perhaps we shall hear of one before long.

LVIII. A FRIEND IN NEED

1. Ten o'clock, and some one is knocking at the door of the garret home.

2. Shaggy is not there to bark at the visitor. He has been away all the afternoon.

3. Johnny and his father both awake. "Who is there?" calls Papa. Then he adds to himself, "And, by the way, where is Shaggy?"

4. If he had asked the lady downstairs when he came home where Shaggy was, she would have said, "Shaggy is trying to get you something to eat."

5. "I tied him up in the alley this afternoon, and fastened a basket to his neck. He is such a poor, thin dog, I felt sure some one would think his people needed help."

6. "A friend," answers a voice to Papa's "Who is there?" And Papa says "Come in!"

7. A gentleman enters who says he is from the Department of Charities. The great city does not knowingly allow any one to starve within its limits.

8. "My little daughter saw your dog

begging this afternoon," says the gentleman, "and I have come to see if we ought not to do something for you."

9. "My dog begging?" says Papa, putting his hand to his head. "We are not beggars, sir!"

10. "Then I am, for I beg your pardon, sir!" says the gentleman. "But how do you account for this?" And there is Shaggy with the basket round his neck and a few pennies in it, wagging his tail hard, as if trying to explain to his proud master.

11. "Some one must have done it for me," says Papa. And the gentleman understands and answers kindly.

12. "We will help you to help yourself," he says. "We will find you work;

MUTE APPEAL

Burton Barber

"My little daughter saw your dog begging."

and, in the meantime, your little boy must have a doctor."

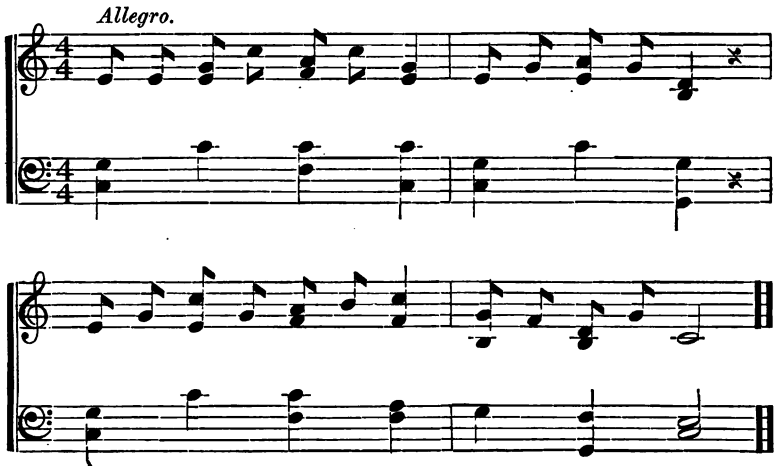
13. And so the great city watches over her children, even when they do not ask her aid.

14. Lend a hand to one another
In the daily toil of life;
When we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.

15. There is none so rich but may
In his turn be forced to borrow;
And the poor man's lot to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

What do you suppose the doctor said when he saw Johnny? Tell what you know of the Department of Charities.

LIX. MRS. PUSSY

SELECTED

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1. Mistress pussy, sleek and fat,
With her kittens four,
Went to sleep upon the mat,
By the kitchen door.

2. Mistress Pussy heard a noise,
Up she jumped to see;
"Kittens, maybe that's a mouse,
Let us go and see."

3. Creeping, creeping, creeping on,
Silently they stole,
But that little mouse had gone
Back into its hole.

4. "Well," said Mrs. Pussy, there,
"To the barn we'll go;
We shall find the swallows there
Flying to and fro."

5. So the cat and kittens four
Tried their very best,
But the swallows flying fast
Safely reached their nest.

6. Home went hungry Mrs. Puss
And her kittens four;
Found their dinner on a plate,
By the kitchen door.

— *Selected.*

LX. WORKING IN THE GARDEN

I

1. Papa gave Sam and Bessie each a garden plot. The two plots were side by side, with a path between.

2. When they were planting their gardens in the spring Sam said, "I know a thing or two. I am going to have a fence around my garden."

3. "Don't you want my flowers to see your flowers?" asked Bessie, pouting a little.

4. "They can peep through the fence," said Sam, "and my flowers will peep out. The fence will be thickest at the top. I have an idea."

5. Sam would not tell Bessie what his idea was, so she watched to see what came of it. He planted sweet peas all around the edge of his garden.

6. When the peas came up he set sticks for them to climb on. He fixed the sticks firmly in the earth, so that the wind would not blow his fence over.

7. The dear little pea plants ran up the sticks, curling round them just as if they had known he wanted them to.

8. The sticks were less than a yard high. That was not enough for the pea vines.

9. When the vines reached the tops of the sticks they kept right on growing.

10. Then Sam fastened a string all around his garden, tying it to the ends of the sticks. The pea vines ran on this and went to visit one another.

11. They hung prettily from the string and held out their sweet blossoms as if to say, "Take one!"

12. "Didn't I tell you the top of the fence would be thickest?" said Sam.

13. And the flowers in the two gardens peeped through the fence and were very neighborly.

II

14. Sam was very proud of his pea-vine fence, but he did not take such good care of the bed within it.

15. Weeds grew in his garden along with the flowers.

16. Bessie kept her garden nicely weeded, and would have helped with Sam's, but her father would not let her.

17. "You must each do your own work," said Papa.

18. At last Sam grew ashamed of seeing his sister's garden look so much neater than his own.

19. "It looks just as if I had grown a fence around my garden to hide my carelessness," he thought.

20. So he set to work and cleared

Tell the story of what the children are doing.

out the weeds and tied up the plants that needed such help.

21. "There!" he said, when there was nothing more to be done. "No one can think I am ashamed of my garden, now."

22. Then it was Bessie's garden that was neglected for a while. The little girl went away to visit a school friend and was gone two weeks.

23. And — dear me! — how fast the weeds will grow when no one attends to them! Bessie's garden began to look as if it belonged to a very careless little girl, which, in truth, it did not.

24. Sam could not bear to have it look that way. It didn't seem fair to Bessie.

25. So when the two weeks had nearly passed and it was almost time for his sister to come home, he went to his father.

26. "Papa," said he, "mayn't I weed Bessie's garden for her? You know it isn't her fault that it looks so badly."

27. "Yes, my boy," replied Papa, and Sam ran off to the work.

28. When Bessie returned, her flowers smiled up at her, as nicely kept as if she had never left them.

29. "Oh, did Papa let you take care of my garden?" cried the little girl, in surprise and delight.

30. "Yes," said Sam, "because you were not here to do it yourself."

LXI. LIVING RENT FREE

1. There was a young couple
   Who lived in a wood.
   Chippery, chippery, chee!

2. In a tall pine tree
   Their little house stood.
   Chippery, chippery, chee!

3. All summer long
   They came and went.
   Chippery, chippery, chee!

4. They lived in the tree
   And paid no rent.
   Chippery, chippery, chee!

5. Their house was lined
   With feathers and wool.
   Chippery, chippery, chee!

"Their house was lined with feathers and wool."

6. With babies and nuts
   It was more than full.
   Chippery, chippery, chee!

7. When winter came,
   With cold and snow —
   Chippery, chippery, chee!

8. They kept them warm,
   Though the wind did blow.
   Chippery, chippery, chee!

9. For they laid them down
   In their furs to sleep.
   Chippery, chippery, chee!

10. In the spring they awoke,
   With a "Cheep, cheep, cheep!"
   And a "Chippery, chippery, chee!"

— Adapted.